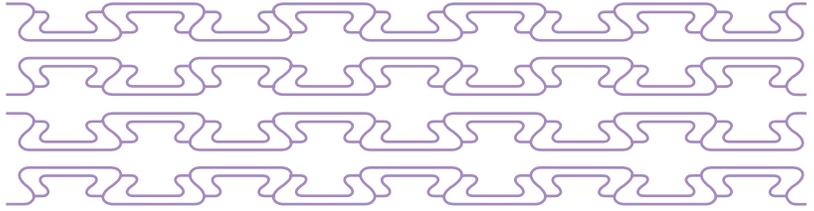
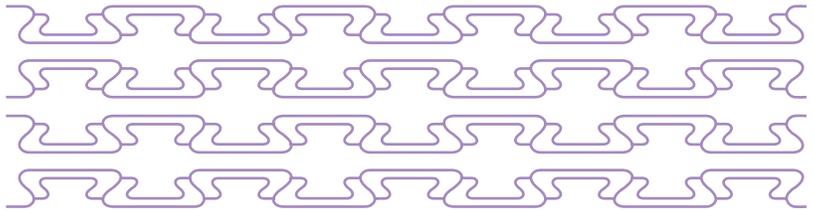


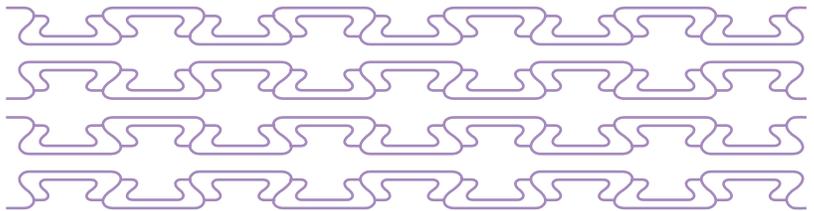
P O E M S



H E L E N A
F O R N E L L S



L I L L A
M A T S U M O T O



MOONSUN

Lunar landscape someone
tried to cut rocks in precise
shapes here squares long
vertical and horizontal lines.

You have to look at this twice
think where did they take all
the rocks from where now void
is delimited by machine cuts.

Lunar landscape water near
us and its sounds the colour
changes from the wild to the
linear pools where they had

tried to build and failed
dreams of *wellness*
& *wealth* which we could not
bear to look at.

Let's close our eyes –
we walk on and discover new
deluded projects unfinished
palaces all around:

The Economy masked as Art
we discuss over dinner lunar
rocks surrounding

rocks we had walked on
during the day.

That economic failure but the
sun the sea and its
salt like ice on bitten rock

are a pleasure.

Helena Fornells

APO– PHANAI

*I had found the word 'yes' ... which denotes acquiescence,
self-abandon, relaxation, the end of all resistance.*

James Joyce, Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver

Molly, for you, I am
going to calibrate the word:

Affirmative meaning eclipsing –
listen, we can't know God

in the way we know our mother.
With the *word*,

reason drifts like a duck downriver
so we hope for silence,

deny all else – do, for now,
something other than

speaking. Hear the denial of my
intention to speak of you today –

I tell everyone they will not see
you

 confined in yellowing
letters. I am confined

by speaking through an infatuation
with negation – but when we,

silent, say no and begin to trace
the outlines of the feared omission,

we will be raised, like
flowers emerging in shadow-space,
by virtue of this living absence.

Helena Fornells

AUBADE

The city is a body ringing itself with sound.
Two voices, three, in clarion getting louder
carrying down the street.

Remind yourself of death each time an elevator
opens, as the song that implores in four-four
the watch to be turned face down.

Pain is always circumscribed in music's sweetness
calling origin and disappearance of sound. Is the city
then not a stance against the contingency

of ends, dorming everything before the raid?
Tarrying in the opus: food everywhere spilling
out, gleaming globes of fruit, white-silver

starlights garlanding the street. Also: a churn
to cream wealth, the highest botching of an earlier
wood, of flesh seared insensate. Do you live

the things or observe them? What voice effusive
and quick, thin and coercing? From door
or window to the sleeping city – what must you sing?

Lila Matsumoto